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[For the American Spiritualist.]

Autumn Rain.

BY EMMA TUTTLE.

Drip, drip, drip!
How sullen the Autumn rain!
Drip, drip, drip,
Like tears from the eyes of Pain.
O, not with the promise of new buds growing,
And not with the promise of limp streams flowing,
Like buds of sapphire in sunshine glowing,
But with dim hints of the snow-flakes blowing
Thick as the drops of rain,
Drip, drip, drip.
Drip, drip, drip,
The rain-drops strike my heart!
Drip, drip, drip;
They play, with wonderful art,
Such low refrains for the sweet dead roses,
And wailing strains for the woodland posies.
O, times of blooming with such sad closes!
Well, thus end our sunbursts and reposes.
Drip, drip, drip.
Drip, drip, drip.
Who is it that likes such nights?
Drip, drip, drip.
Black hangings o'er all God's lights!
I look in vain where the stars were shining;
I hunt for clouds which show silver lining,
And see but crape-bands looping and twining,
As if some mourner did sky-designing!
Drip, drip, drip.
Drip, drip, drip,
Down on the landscape sere!
Drip, drip, drip,
Over us mortals here!
On we plod through the slosh and raining,
All the mud we must bear disdaining,
Bidding our feet move quick and willing,
If days are rainy, and dark, and chilling.
Drip, drip, drip!

Higginson and the Davenports.

Thomas Wentworth Higginson, Colonel of Black Troops in Florida, eloquent philosopher in Boston, scholar of culture and gentleman of taste at Newport, R. I., has been honored with a seat in the Cabinet! Not the Cabinet at Washington—though less deserving men are there, perhaps—but that other equally famous one, of the Davenports.

M. Higginson is a representative man of the class who aspire and labor for the discovery of radical spiritual truth to the destruction of institutions of error, and the abolition of every form of oppression and ignorance; but who sometimes forgets that "We often find the herbs that cure our flesh in some neglected spot of clay."

Athirst for the nectar of the gods, they are absurd enough to refuse "the wine of the kingdom," unless it is served to them in the daintiest of artistic goblets.

"If you are an angel, where's your wings?" is their query of the Genius of Spiritualism. They would learn of the beyond; but when the disembodied Tim O'Kourke is made bearer of dispatches, they forget the significance of his presentation, in the astonishment that an angel should upset the table and swear, "Be Jesus!"

Flourishing gracefully and with power the deductive wing of reason, they leave the inductive balance stroke unused, except in lowest atmospheres; and hence fail to wing their upward way to supreme philosophic heights, where the spirit basks in the sun light of inspiration, and beholds the landscape of a universal religion.

By the law of mental fixation, which ossifies the perceptive faculties of the intellect as the rheumatism stiffens joints, or disuse shrivels the limbs of the

body; such men are the victims of bias, and a prejudice intensified by their aesthetic culture.

To such persons, Spiritualism, with its uncultured and vulgar media; its fantastic physical phenomena; its gibberish and fanaticism; its moonstruck visions and disjointed prophecies, is anything other than a Jacob's Ladder. Like Herbert Spencer, they "settle the matter upon *a priori* grounds," and are apt to be through conceit, as blind, as deaf, aye! and as prescriptive, as any of their orthodox neighbors.

Still a native spirit of enterprise often prompts them to investigate, and inherent nobility and segmentary liberality, compels a degree of fairness in the procedure and statement; but very often, through the force of previous conclusions, they are found among those who "having eyes see not, and having ears hear not, neither do they understand."

Only accustomed to progress by transcendental ballooning in spiritual matters, their knees are weak, and their stomachs faint, to journey through the wilderness of facts, the deserts of appearances, until they strike the road by which inductive reason guides to the Temple of Truth.

And so they "come to grief," having no patience to exhaust the seeming, to realize the strata of the actual, left after the flood delusion has wasted itself, Brought in contact with that truth which is stranger than fiction, they cry out "Falsehood!" because that which is, will not reveal itself after the manner supposed in their theory.

These are the reasons why men like Mr. Higginson, are so easily thrown off the track in their pursuit of the truth of Spiritualism, by every supposed discrepancy they may happen to encounter therein.

Having a preconceived notion of the sanctified condition of the angels, they are overwhelmed that a spirit communication should be ungrammatical and untrue, and disgusted because being ignorant of the law of manifestation they imagine they discover among physical phenomena evidence of fraud.

Mr. Higginson has been in the Cabinet of the Davenports—a good place, by the way, for any to take their wits when they enter—the usual manifestations—jugglery (?) occurred, and he reports as follows:

"The present writer has been shut up in a closet with these modern lions, the Davenport boys, and feels impelled to record his impression. That impression is, that of all juggling exhibitions this is the most common-place, the most obvious and the least interesting.

In all exhibitions of jugglery there are deceptions which the closest observer fails to detect; if he guesses one feat, he is baffled by the next. In the Davenport exhibition there is but one. It all turns easily upon a single act. See through that and you explain everything—all the rest is nothing."

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"It looks amazing, perhaps, as seen from the audience; but seen close by the wonder vanishes. The Davenports are undersized young men, with slender and flexible hands. The rope is a rather large one for the purpose, and is tied by the committee at great disadvantage, from the position of the parties. The tying to the seat gives a great advantage to the performers, since it steadies the rope while they disengage their hands, and keeps the knots all ready for the return of their hands. The ligatures round the legs are nothing; they can reach the window and the implements without rising from their seats.

The quickness with which they perform their feats is remarkable; but years of practice give quickness. Moreover, the doors are ingeniously arranged, to leave them in darkness as long as possible. It is only when the three doors are wide open that the committee can get near the performers' hands, and the shutting and locking the three is rather a deliberate process. So is the opening; it is impossible to inspect the knots suddenly.

I was requested to touch the hands that showed themselves at the aperture in the door; they were

warm and rather slender, like those of the brothers, and they carefully eluded my grasp. The various "forms and sizes" attributed to these hands in the bills were not visible to the eye.

These performances ceased; there was a rocking and a creaking of the cabinet, with a rattling of ropes, and an occasional sound upon some instrument. It was evident that the ropes were being untied, not suddenly, but slowly and laboriously. Soon the middle door was opened, and the brothers appeared untied. Then they were shut up again, and were tied in the same deliberate way, with such a rocking and creaking of the cabinet as showed that somebody inside was working very hard. The result was admirable; they were found more elaborately tied than we had tied them, but the one essential knot was just the same. Afterwards they slipped their hands out and in as easily as before."

"I am bound to say that through all these adventures we were treated with perfect courtesy by the brothers, and the limited tests permitted were carried out in good faith. Next came the final process, which I had always heard proclaimed as something remarkable—the "flour test."

Mr. Higginson as one of the Committee in placing the flour in the hands of the Davenports, carelessly or surreptitiously spilled some of it upon them. Afterwards he detected white marks upon the curtain of the aperture whence the supposed spirit hands were thrust out. He says:

"I watched Mr. Fay, the outside participant. I saw the glance of his eye at me when he too saw the white marks. Then, with an easy air, he stepped forward and pushed the curtain back into its place, shaking off the flour. Fortunately many among the audience had noticed it as well as myself.

This was enough for me. Thoreau says: 'Some circumstantial evidence is very strong, as where you find a trout in the milk pan.' The flour on the curtain was quite as satisfactory. I did not stay to the "Dark Seance." I was no longer in the dark."

Verily, "a Daniel"—No! "a doubting Thomas" "come to judgment." Does Mr. Higginson reflect that against the multiplied experiments and continued investigations of thousands, even his assertion will be at an enormous discount. Not that he may not have seen flour on the curtain or anywhere else. His acknowledged spilling of the same may have distributed it. If there was flour on the curtain, it does not rigidly follow that the media placed it there. Mr. Higginson may have done it himself by accident. Does he imagine that his brilliant idea of "spilling over" never before occurred to any of all the thousands who have served upon the same duty as himself. Were the Davenports merely the successful and adroit jugglers he claims they are, they would always be provided against such an ordinary contingency; they would feel the flour sprinkled on the outside of their hands and carefully remove the least particle before going forward. Men as astute as Mr. Higginson, (Wendell Phillips, for instance), affirm, after sitting in the cabinet—"I know it is utterly impossible they should perform that which is done."

Whether they do or not, it seems to us some one more patient than Mr. Higginson must decide upon the fact. "A trout in a milk pan" does not prove the deluge!

Ignorant of the law of formation, as understood by cultured Spiritualists, Mr. Higginson was but too ready to abandon an investigation so repugnant to his Spiritual dilletantism. The man who is satisfied by one test in such a matter is credulous and unscientific. He who deserts the investigation for a single apparent discrepancy, is something more than superficial. Mr. Higginson is perhaps more in the dark than he imagines. His observations are worth no more than those of others, and were he to prove deception again and again, he would but show the dishonesty used then and not overthrow the realities of a hundred other occasions.

Acknowledging other claims on the part of Spiritualism, he makes use of the *Independent* to spread the

news of his recent acuteness. That "blanket sheet," professing unbounded fairness, gives prominent place to his elegant paragraphs, but thus far has refused admission to offered criticism upon his position. But all this avails comparatively little.

We recommend scientific thoroughness as well as generous kindness in dealing with media, and the entire dismissal of all *conceit* or haste in dealing with the phenomena themselves. The laws involved, the method used, the forces developed, the conditions required, are nearly all unknown.

We have discovered a new hemisphere, and only asinine conceit will insist that the new shall conform to the outline of the old. If Mr. Higginson can prove his statement, he should do it completely as a public duty; our thanks are ready; as it is, we can but think he has made more haste than speed, and a greater exhibition of absurdity than those he denounces, do of legerdemain.

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Ventilation.—Part I.

BY J. WETHERBEE.

While writing this communication, I have especially in my mind "*Hospitaller's Hall*," Boston; but at the objection even of making it in two parts, I will first speak of the subject in general terms, as headed, and afterwards upon the special institution just referred to, in the way of an illustration.

While mutual improvement debating and literary meetings are world's institutions, and still more American institutions, blossoming from our general system of education—the place where they find their strongest expression is the metropolis of New England. We Bostonians have a motherly feeling for the rest of this republic; and, perhaps, in that light, this subject may be interesting; if not, the intention, at least, is good.

Whatever objections outsiders may have to New England assumption and New England narrowness, or rather frugality and thrift, no one will deny her fertility in ideas, that in the long run win; and that her influence upon the whole is both marked and good. But not to digress from the thought that dictates this article. Referring to the meetings, of which I was speaking, here one can truly say, their name is legion. That they meet a want is proved by the fact that they exist as it were spontaneously, and flourish in their existence.

The number of people whose need is thus supplied, would astonish one who had not given thought to the subject. There are so many who must have outlet for their thought, good or bad, that it would seem as if the consequences of a stoppage in this system of mental ventilation, by fashion or law, for the time would be fearful. What is stranger still, the supply of audience, the absorbents of this mental expansion into words or thoughts, one would suppose with theatres, minstrels, concerts, billiard halls, saloons, clubs of high and low degree, on the one hand, with the lectures, now the fashion, lyceum courses, with the lights of the hour, Lowell institutes, atheneums and libraries, to say nothing of the multitudinous religious meetings of all qualities of Christianity or theology, the wonder is, notwithstanding the dense population of this Bay State center, what it is that fills with speakers and hearers these gatherings for giving and receiving this second quality of thoughts. One would hardly believe it possible, yet I state a fact and with some experience, that a man devoting the consecutive evenings of three months would hardly see them all, or to estimate them or their influence a twelve months, words would not suffice. They follow so close, on religious matters on the one hand, that it is hard to tell where the prayer-meeting ends and the world's field begins, to atheism on the other hand. The thread between the two extremes is more or less mixed with the various reforms in religion, temperance, woman's rights, labor, social science and politics, that they form a system that intermingles by a law analogous to the chemical one called gaseous diffusion, which in some cases is more than a superficial illustration. I have made a calculation, and I think I am substantially correct, that outside of Church and prayer-meetings, outside of clubs, theaters,

saloons and lectures, which supply twenty to thirty thousand people with, if I may say it, "entertainment for man and beast," the middling interest (applying this social word intellectually) who find their pleasure as speakers or hearers, at these meetings of which I am speaking, must be ten thousand people, and on Sunday nights a larger number. Much of this is of a floating character, in one place one night and elsewhere another; some of it is more stationary, furnishing the staple stock of audience or platform, so that all have their permanent as well as transient lights. A thoughtful observer in this direction will notice many things indirectly if not directly instructive, which I will briefly notice.

One will see many whose whole mental life thrives, if that is the word, on the turbid streams or clearer fountains, on the stale thoughts or light gems, that make up the volume of this flow of thought. One will notice, also, the mental *statue quo* of some or many of the staple speakers—middle-aged men, bakers, mechanics, doctors, with no diploma, ex-reverends, afloat and ought to be, professors (by courtesy), editors of semi-alive sheets, and others, who follow up this talk for years, and seem to make no progress. This is not the case with all, but there are many who have the disease of talking, but say nothing. A man might have dropped down into these meetings ten or twenty years ago, and seen them talking on the issues of the day, or on theological points, and then see the same ones to-day, talking in the same strains, offering the same objections, making the same assertions, that have been answered and proven untrue by experience, and who have learned nothing; and but for being a little older, a little grayer or more wrinkled, would be repeating themselves in both mind and body—Bourbons, learning nothing, forgetting nothing. They gain in assurance, it may be; aiming for applause, which seems ever ready, at any personal hit; showing a disposition for victory over an opponent, rather than the establishment of truth. This seems to be one of the evils, as many among the audience attend to be amused more than to be instructed—going there as one goes to a pugilistic exhibition. "Verily, they have their reward."

At these meetings modern Spiritualism is always a popular subject for debate, the staple argument against it, however, being popular slurs and uncharitable and untrue insinuations, the pugilistically inclined hearers, and the pious roughs, being ever ready to applaud that which a higher civilization will one day be, by and through its aid. Then will it be seen that, had they entertained the stranger, "they would have entertained an angel unawares." But, on the other hand, one sees also a different class, who study at home, and find these meetings schools for practice, benefitting themselves and others—often beginning moderately, and leaving behind them these Bourbons. Thus, upon the whole, these gatherings are a good institution, where men, and women too, can learn many unwelcome truths, as well as find cheap entertainment; and I know of no way of getting a deliberative method, readiness, or a quick command of one's knowledge, than in these sometimes rough fields of oratorical display.

Another thing noticeable in these meetings is, the farther they are from a religious character the more intellectual strength is manifested; just as every Christian Union (liberal) is, in this respect, far above every Christian Association (evangelical), so, other things being equal, is the infidel superior in depth and strength of thought to the merely religious. I make this statement with no prejudice; I notice the fact in sorrow. It shows that the popular religious food of to-day does not meet the highest want, and the talent that once blossomed into conspicuous saints, blossoms to-day into merchants, patriots and statesmen. I believe, when religion is decomposed, and superstition, bigotry and the dodges of priesthood are eliminated, so that a rational man can be a religious man, conventionally speaking, the talent will then inhere in the religious, as every thoughtful man will desire. The fact referred to seems to endorse the wise observation of Saint Beauve, viz.: "that religion does not narrow the intellect; it is only because men's minds were cramped before they were religious;" as if he had said, the rei-

gions of to-day attract narrow-minded people, which is true; endorsing also the axiom in the world's history, "Where there are brains there is heresy."

Another thing noticeable, is the familiarity with the text and history of the Scriptures, by the leading opposers of the dogmas of the Church. No one can fail of noticing this feature in those who debate on the negative side of religious questions. If some of these infidels, in an unguarded moment, should experience religion, and have the holy unction that some irreverently call *cant*, they would be prodigies in the Christian Church. When the religious belief of Christendom is so far advanced in rational thought as to investigate matters with the freedom of secular analogies, it will find that "love is blind," not only in the sweet season of young desire, but has its correspondencies on the religious and intellectual conditions of human life—that their love, sincere or passionate, is blind also.

Another feature to notice, is that modern Spiritualism is one of the most prominent questions—showing how wide spread is this thought and the illumination it gives to those who are thus blest with its belief. It seems to be the talisman that unlocks all mysteries, scientific, religious and social. It is the bridge that will yet span the chasm now impassable between religion and science. In this connection the Spiritualistic observer will perceive the power behind the throne, that is, the invisible world manifested through the visible human organisms. A sensitive person can feel the influence permeating all meetings, assuring such that if one's spiritual eyes could for a moment be opened, they would see their counterparts on the other side among the disembodied, so called. They remain old jokers there, and, not fully up to their position, but enjoying still the weaknesses of human life, blow the bellows, as it were, to that purpose, psychologizing their mediums on the other side of Jordan when their course is run; and so the Wetherells, and Burks, and Gochritzs, and Cushman and others, flounder about in their darkness, having eyes but seeing not, and are as much under influence as the mediums they slur. I am as sure as that I am a Spiritualist, that we all are more or less influenced by intelligences out of the form, and that we are influenced more or less by one another in the form.

"Oh, wad some power the giftie gie us,
To see ourselves as spirits see us,
It would from many a blunder free us,
And foolish notion."

Perhaps now I have said enough generally; and in reference to the special meeting at *Hospitaller's Hall*, which has survived, with no head and no tail, so many years, and which seems to be, in reference to this subject, *E pluribus unum*—a word or two upon which will be illustrative as well as instructive, and ought to be said here. I will, with your permission, in a short time, give it as a second part to this communication.

Invoking Spirits.

The *Methodist Home Journal*, in its account of the proceedings of the late National Camp Meeting, says that at a season of great interest the congregation sang with fervor a familiar hymn; while Rev. J. S. Inskip, with both hands raised, "invoked the spirits of Wesley, Fletcher, and all the redeemed in Heaven to help them accept the truth in all its length and breadth."

Since the above has been put in type, we have been handed the October No. of *The Living Epistle*, an "Evangelical Monthly," published in Cleveland, wherein is an extract from the *Home Journal*, denying that Rev. J. S. Inskip "invoked the spirits to help," only to "witness their acceptance of the truth." Also a note from one of this *Living Epistle*'s editors, (Rev. Reuben Yeakel,) who "sat but a few rods from Rev. Inskip when that 'invocation' was made, and distinctly heard every word he said."

This Rev. gentleman has had his wonder excited for several weeks. He says: "We have wondered for several weeks at the remarkable eagerness of some papers to snatch up and peddle out the misrepresentation referred to above."

The wonder of Bro. Yeakel is excited at this "eagerness to peddle misrepresentation." Did the Bro. ever have his wonder excited at the readiness of Christians to "peddle misrepresentations" about Infidels, Spiritualist mediums and others, who differed from them? We presume not. Tom Paine, for instance, "the best abused man," by Christians, that ever lived: how Christians have misrepresented, vilified and slandered this noble hero and patriot of the Revolution! Bro., did this ever excite your "wonder?" How much? ||

The Human System—No. 2.

BY J. STOLZ, M. D.

The proximate principles of inorganic origin, are the first to present themselves for investigation; they are derived from the exterior, are found everywhere, in unorganized bodies, always found under the same form, and with the same properties in the interior of the animal frame as elsewhere.

They are crystallizable; they comprise such substances as water, chloride of sodium, carbonate and phosphate of lime, &c.

The second class are of organic origin, crystallizable, and comprise such as the different kinds of sugar, oil and starch.

The third class includes such substances as albumen, fibrin, casein, &c., and comprise a very extensive and important order of proximate principles, strictly of organic origin, crystallizable, and of a definite chemical composition. Water, of the first class of proximate principles, is universally present in all the tissues and fluids of the body, comprising about two-thirds of the entire bulk, which must be regularly supplied, as the solid materials are held by it in solution, assisting them to pass and repass in the animal frame. The system suffers more rapidly when deprived of water, than when solids only are withheld: hence it is an important ingredient of the food, and should be supplied with constancy and regularity. Water is the only natural drink for man; all other beverages may be considered medicated, such as coffee, tea, spirituous and malt liquors, which should only be imbibed as a medicine, prescribed by a properly qualified physician.

Milk contains nearly all of the principles of the body, and is the next most natural drink, holding many of the solid materials of food in solution, and yet not enough of solid matter to supply an adult, or sufficient water to supply the system with enough fluid to perform the functions of its office, hence while milk is sufficient food and drink for the babe and young animals, it would not answer the purpose in the adult. Water, "pure water," may be drank freely, and he who is the most prompt and regular in supplying nature with such an indispensable agent to the well-being of the animal economy, certainly enjoys physical life in the most perfect sense. All other inorganic material such as calcareous salts, the alkaline phosphates, &c., occur naturally in sufficient quantity in most of the articles of food, except chloride of sodium, common salt, which is usually added to food and requires to be supplied with tolerable regularity. The proximate principles of the second class are the sugar and oily matters, and are derived from both the animal and vegetable kingdoms.

Starch is converted in the system into sugar, and to a great extent sugar is converted into fat, hence the articles of food that contain the greatest amount of starch are the best to nourish the body; sugar may be taken in its purity, as certain vegetables will yield it, also fat, and starch, for the system craves and must have them in some form; yet there is not a single article of food yet known that would supply us with all the system requires, hence a mixed diet is necessary if we would be healthy. Wheat, ryemeal, oatmeal, corn, rice, barley, potatoes, and all kinds of fruit, will supply the system with the greatest amount of this class of proximate principles.

The articles of food which contain the greatest quantity of proximate principles of the third class, are all those mentioned under the head of the second class, but in addition to them, meat contains the greatest quantity of fibrin; eggs, albumen; and milk, casein. No article of food void of these principles, will nourish the body any length of time, neither does the nutritious character of any substance, as an article of food, depend simply upon its containing either one of the alimentary principles in large quantities; but upon its containing them mingled together in such proportions as is requisite for the healthy nutrition of the body. These proportions are determined by observation and experience, and up to this time but little is known on the subject. The total quantity of food required by man has been variously estimated. But the habits and constitution of the individual must be taken into

consideration, and the kind of articles employed; as corn, wheat, rye and meat contain more alimentary material in the same bulk, than fresh fruits or vegetables, and hence the quantity must necessarily vary. It has been ascertained, however, that an extensive diet of bread, fresh meat and butter with water for drink, the quantity of food required during twenty-four hours by a man in full health, and taking free exercise in the open air, is: meat 16 ozs.; bread 19 ozs.; butter or fat 3½ ozs.; water 52 ozs. That is about 2½ lbs of solid food, and rather over three pints of liquid food. In selecting the required quantity of food, we must take into consideration the digestibility of the articles chosen; also the proper time and regularity of introducing them into the system. This, however, is generally best regulated by the demand of the system, and if the natural promptings are obeyed, generally no violence can be done, for nature does her work well. She will not let the system starve nor be overcharged with food, or allow even anything to enter that may cause a disturbance of the harmonious operation of the bodily organs within.

The body is endowed with five senses, for a two-fold purpose; first, for the protection and preservation of the integrity, and secondly, that through these channels the true man that dwells within may gain an earthly or material experience. By the eye we behold God's great and glorious universe, enjoy the beauties of Nature's garden, and also behold the approaching danger. Through the ear, we enjoy harmonious sound, and the music of the spheres; also the approach of danger; this assists the eye, and in case the eye fails, will preserve and protect the body, though not so perfectly.

The sense of touch, taste and smell, are important guardian angels and messengers of delight, which, if not prostituted by violence and disobedience, are a correct guide to health and happiness.

DAYTON, O., Oct. 30th, 1869.

[To be Continued.]

Religion.

BY MOSES HULL.

Common sense has so long given place to theological sense, that it is hardly safe for a person in possession of the former article, and not having a supply of the latter, to use the common phrases and terms now made use of by theologians, lest he should be misunderstood. Almost every word has in theology been tortured out of its true meaning, so that one almost needs an especial dictionary gotten up on purpose to tell what he means by the use of the various terms so patent among all theologians. Never did we feel more keenly the necessity of this, than by seeing a whole audience startled by an assertion of ours that *we had no religion*—wanted no religion. We could almost hear some of our hearers ejaculate, "The heathen! Doesn't he want to do right, be good, and enter into a more close relation with the world of angels?" Yes, we do! but at the same time we do not want Religion.

Religion comes from two Latin words, *re* and *ligo*, the meaning of which is, to *rebind* or bind again. The word implies that we were once bound to the Deity and that the bands were severed by some means or other, and now that we are, or are to be, bound again. The word was coined to imply the fall of man, original sin, total depravity. As we never have fallen away from God, did not commit the original sin, and never were totally depraved, we needed no rebinding to the Deity. Not having had any use for the rebinding, we have not had to submit to it; hence we have had no use or place for religion—have none. We will not put old heathenish Orthodoxy on the shoulders enough to confess that we have anything bearing any relation to their religion.

We have not been born again! do not expect to be until we are born out of this world into another, and that will not be because we were not born right in the first place, but because a higher birth is needed to bring us into higher conditions than is possible to attain in this primary department of life. The church and clergy now command us to "be born again," or at least

to make an effort, as though there had been an almost fatal mistake in our first birth, which could only be overcome by our acknowledging that we were "conceived in sin and born in iniquity," that, in short, it is a dreadful pity, and we are sorry that we were ever born at all, and so far as we are concerned, or had any hand in it, we will confess that it was all wrong and do our best to undo it, or at least remedy the mistake, by ignoring our old birth entirely, and trying to take a new start; be *rebound* by being born over again.

Well we are by this new birth as we are by religion—we have not experienced it—we don't want it. We were born right in the first place, and that will do us until we get ready to exchange worlds. As the terms "religion" and "born again" were both originally used to imply a mistake in the start and a fall from the purpose for which we were originally born, we have no particular use for them.

The term *salvation* may go with the debris of old institutions; in its popular acceptance we have no use for it. It is used now primarily to signify the saving of the soul from the hell of fire and brimstone in which it was destined to spend an eternity in consequence of the "fall," where originated the mistake of our having been born.

But as the fall never occurred, and our first birth was not a mistake, but only carrying out one of the laws of God, he is not mad at us for having been born, and will not pitch us into the fiery pit, if we fail to see the crime of having commenced our existence in that way. So we, having no fiery hell, have no use for salvation from it.

But we are exhorted to seek salvation from our sins, or guilt. By that is meant salvation from the consequences of our actions. We don't want any such salvation. We choose in our own proper person, to abide the consequences of all we say and do.

Yet there is a sense in which we like all these theological terms. Were we to write a lexicon and put what we mean by these terms into it, we would have it as follows:

1. *Religion*.—A nearer, closer communion with the world of spirit—a higher spiritual life. "Pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father, is this: to visit the fatherless and widows in their afflictions and keep yourself unspotted from the world."

2. *Second Birth*.—A birth which releases the one who experiences it from flesh and blood, and introduces him into a higher and better life.

3. *Salvation*—Elevation.

Thus as we study and apply the laws of health, we are saved from fever, ague, consumption, rheumatism, and all other ailments of the flesh. As we study and apply all of the laws of our physical and spiritual being we are saved from the misery consequent upon their violation.

With these definitions, we could use these and the thousand and one other similar theological phrases and terms. Without defining our meaning as we go, we doubt the propriety of dabbling to a great extent in the use of terms which have been so long tortured out of meaning, that they will only lead those who hear them to suppose that we hold some affinity with the doctrines which they have been supposed to teach.

A Merited Compliment.

J. M. Peebles, in his ninth letter to the *Universe*, from across the water, thus speaks of Hudson Tuttle's late work.

"All appreciative Spiritualists and genuine Liberals hail the announcement of a new work from the pen of this gifted author with delight. An American newspaper, just forwarded us by Bro. Barnes, made us acquainted with the fact that this book—the 'Career of the God-Idea in History'—has been issued. It cannot fail of an immense sale. Would to heaven we could have the privilege of reading it while fresh and warm from the brain of the writer. Ten thousand Americans are delegated to read it for us. This reading by proxy—a sort of atonement—is distasteful enough, but it will do our soul good to know that thousands have purchased and perused the volume."

"Hudson Tuttle, the English say, is 'clever'—that is, he is able and philosophic. Speaking of American authors, they seldom enumerate more than Davis, Tuttle, Robert Dale Owen and Judge Edmonds."

Powar, the Would-be God-Man.

Living in an age where every occurrence is scrutinized in the most rigorous manner, and thought, promulgated by steam and lightning, brings us in rapport with the whole world, we can scarcely identify ourselves with the ages which have originated and sustained all the God-men.

Without the press the masses are necessarily ignorant and hence superstitious. They are the ductile material, to be shaped by the hand of the first master. Men with missions to fulfill are at once crowned with divine halo, and the rabble are always first to discover their Godlike qualities.

The ease with which they are imposed on by the self-deluded and designing, was illustrated in India in 1829.

Narayun Powar, the son of a peasant, at the age of eight became famous as a serpent-charmer. He would go out into the fields and call them, twist them around his body, limbs and neck; fondle, chastise them, or send them away.

It was a belief descended from the ancient Anchorites, that the proof of their becoming perfectly holy and absorbed in God, was the handling of serpents without harm. It was also prophesied in olden times, that a person would arise and redeem Hindostan from the yoke of bondage. Surrounding Brahmins and the friends of Powar believed or pretended to believe that he was a God. They eagerly caught the wandering words which fell from his lips, and held that they taught his divine mission. They called him "Narayun the Holy," and finally, "the living God, Narayun." Then they began to baptize and perform miraculous cures. In ten months ten thousand pilgrims attended him. What would have been the end of this strange delusion it is difficult to predict, had not death cut short the thread of the young God's life, and dissipated the visions of his followers. He attempted to handle a serpent brought by a Pariah from Benares, and was bitten. His followers predicted that he would rise on the *third* day; then that he certainly would on the eighth. After vainly waiting they dispersed, but it was reported that he had been seen in various places. The disappointment of their hopes reverted on the minds of his enthusiastic disciples, and they were firmly convinced that he was an incarnate demon come to amuse himself by leading men astray. Had he lived and taken the proper measures, another divinity or incarnation would have been added to the Hindoo Pantheon, and another religion have propagated itself in that vast empire.

Every great race of people have had their God-men—divine incarnations. Looking calmly and unprejudicedly across the vast fields of history, we discover the same elements entering into the origin and growth of all. They all arise in an age of intense ignorance. The only proof of their existence is the most unreliable tradition, which must bridge a wide gulf of time. The broader this gulf and the more impassable by authentic history, the more colossal the proportions of the God-man looms through the mists on the other side.

Pleasing God—Obedience to God.

The Christian world speak often and long of pleasing God. What do they mean by such phrase? God is pleased with a lofty church, the steeple of which looks proudly down upon the vain and thoughtless world. He is pleased with regular attendance at church; with long prayers and sanctimonious faces. He wishes man to do everything for his *glory*, and from love of Christ who died for man, and he bestows salvation not because it is deserved, but as a "special favor," an undeserved gift. In older times God was pleased with the fattened calf and firstlings of the flock, and his heart was made glad by the fragrance of smoking blood and roasting offal.

To hear the priests, whether Christian, Boudhist, or Moslem, declare what pleases or displeases God, we should suppose they, one and all, had direct communication with the Infinite One. Blaspheming mortals! thus arrogantly speaking for Him who is throned in eternal light. That light beams alike on all, and illuminates all according to their full capacity for its

reception. Of that Source, we as finite beings, from constitutional necessity can know nothing. We can understand the laws by which we are environed, which create and support us. They are expressions of the Infinite Will. By obedience to these laws we enjoy health and happiness. If happiness is the aim of God in creation, (and if he is infinitely good, it must be) then obedience to his laws the only means by which this is gained, must be pleasing.

Where shall we find these laws? Not expressed in a book, for they were enacted when the morning stars first sang together. They are co-eternal with matter. There is no demand for a revelation. Their expression is found in the physical world, and the spiritual and mental realms. Outside of them nothing can be revealed; for there is nor can be no laws foreign and not inwrought in the being of the world, nor can man be held amenable to laws not a part and portion of himself.

Obedience is yielded from necessity, and not for the "glory of God." Who is this Church God, who demands the world to do right for his glory?" Is he a deified Asiatic monarch, jealous of his regal rights, before whose throne we must bow with servile mien to gain his approval? If there be such a God as this, who has made such a botch of creation, that we his misbegotten abortions have to creep to his feet to ask pardon for his having thus shammed us, of all beings he would be the most loathsome.

"No!" cries the soul. You please not God by your long prayers or your ghastly faces; your sepulchral tones, or your sermons beneath high steeples. The Infinite breathes through all Nature, and obedience to his will is an ultimate necessity. There is a beautiful world and man walks therein a beautiful spirit. Do you suppose God is pleased to have that spirit converted by superstition into a blear-eyed and distorted bigot? To have this beautiful world only made visible through the muddy waters of fanaticism, stirred by the craft and arrogance of a self-anointed priesthood. He can only be pleased with a well-ordered life.

Are we to do right for Christ's sake? Nay! for our own. Salvation is not a gift bestowed out of favor. If we do right, we earn and command it. I is ours, because a part of the act.

Shall we live for the glory of God? What effect can the actions of finite beings have on the Infinite?

Our obedience to the mandates of a system, may glorify that system, and exalt its exponents, but God, never.

[Spirit Communication—James Lawrence, Medium.]

Mormonism.

IS IT A CONSISTENT INSTITUTION, AND WHAT WILL BE ITS ULTIMATE?

A just and merciful Creator has at last afforded me an opportunity of expressing thoughts that have burned within my brain like coals of living fire, consuming my very soul to seek a means of outlet. Each reminiscence takes hold upon my nature, driving me almost to madness, that such a monstrous incubus should rest upon your earth, desecrating as it seems the fair and beauteous tract they occupy.

Surely a day of retribution will yet come when all the horrors of that den of infamy will be exposed, and guilt unparalleled developed to the gazing multitude, whose curses on so vile an institution will sound through every part of God's creation, and distant lands reverberate the maledictions of an injured people.

Votaries led on by perjury of foulest kind to believe a monstrous falsehood, concocted by a set of fiends in human shape, whose base and sordid nature feeds and fattens on the credulity of men and women whose weakness of intellect is not proof against the wily artifice of leaders, fit actors in the scenes of infamy practiced by their so-called elders—missionaries sent to foreign climes, acting as jackalls to the lions left behind, drawing innocence within the meshes cruel sophistry had prepared to bind in the vilest bondage humanity could recognize.

Thus from time to time large shipments have been made from Eastern lands, to swell the ranks of Mormon prostitution, a phase of slavery more vile than can be conceived—and all under the semblance of Religion,

Oh, thou word of mighty import, by profanation made a curse instead of blessing to humanity! thy shrine, polluted as it has been, needs an influence to cleanse it, that shall make the unholy priests desire a hiding-place where they cannot in supposititious safety indulge the atrocious appetite for defaming virtue in its tenderest form, satisfying a lust most damning in effect, by being practiced on the young and inexperienced of the sex. Monsters in human form becoming fathers of extensive families, begotten in sin, unwelcomed by the world, on which many must be thrown as suppliants for food and raiment, and possibly in time may fill the harlot's grave.

Oft have I witnessed scenes so aggravated within the walls of such a harem as would disgrace the establishment of a Turk, whose laws permit polygamy. But here in your boasted land of liberty for all, to stain its name by such pestiferous acts within its territory, and suffer such distorted vice to beard your laws, and bid defiance to them, shows a weakness too disgraceful to be contemplated.

Will Justice always sleep and such atrocities remain unseathed? It cannot be! One blot on your escutcheon you have removed, and now another needs your besom, to brush forever from your midst its foetid influence. Better by far, years since, when incipient as it was, your Government had crushed its hideous form. Such should have been the fate of Mormonism—a fate almost too good; at least the leading spirits should be made to disgorge the vast accumulated store of riches, filched from the poor man's pockets to indulge their base proclivities under the sanction of Religion. What did I say, Religion? Oh, mockery of words! to call Fanaticism by an epithet so sacred as it should be; we fain would do penance for an error injudiciously committed.

What could be expected from such base authority as he who first concocted and then promulgated so base a lie as that of Mormonism entire? Its very basis is atrocious. To claim that such a man as Joseph Smith could be appointed God's vicegerent, commissioned to unfold a set of laws calculated to give man purer and more exalted views of his Creator, and thus exalt him to a more elevated plane of thought and action than Joseph Smith or any of their leaders could conceive or think of. But in lieu thereof they have presented to humanity a faith begotten in ignorance, nurtured in superstition and cradled in pollution and infamy unparalleled, dragging its professors down to the lowest depths of mental and physical degradation, and making them a community whose moral standard is far below the brutes. Blind to every sense of shame—steeped in all that can submerge the souls of men and women in suffering and despair.

If this then be a state or condition to be tolerated or practiced in a country whose boast is universal freedom, we think it time a change took place, and something better substituted. But again you ask what will be its ultimate? We answer promptly, God, as the supreme Governor and Ruler of the Universe, may in the exercise of divine wisdom tolerate such a perverted state of things for some ulterior end.

But how can man with all his reasoning powers, reconcile to himself acts a brute would almost be ashamed of; acts so stamped with infamy, that ages yet to come will blush to name, and when the day of retribution comes, they will seek the rocks and hills to hide them from the gaze of thousands whose deluded souls will cry aloud for vengeance.

We fain would end our essay here, but other thoughts present themselves; therefore, to complete our purpose, we must still continue.

The ultimate of Mormonism must be like that of all and everything that acts in contradiction to a law of God; it must fall, or God's behests are *nil*. But this we know to be impossible. The Infinite can never err; but man in pride and arrogance assumes the privilege of doubting what the meaning of a law may be, setting up his puny judgment against such decrees as are enacted for his guidance, and then exclaims in wonder and astonishment, "a law like this is inefficient." Such has been the course pursued by Mormons. Self-inflated as they are, they'll run their permitted course, till disintegration soon is felt, and as a tottering tower, falls un-

der its own oppressive weight; a fall no power could stay—a devastation so complete that the coming ages may not find a vestige left, but in the recorded pages of the age's history, that replaced, that generations of the coming time may recognize the error they have committed, and profit by the example given.

As time rolls on and man becomes somewhat more ethereal the acts of Mormons will appear more reprehensible to minds attuned to purity of thought and action, and in proportion as this is man's condition, the world will readily eschew the earthly and seek the heavenly instruction angels give and man receives as welcome boons, to render him the advocate of all that's good and pure. Thus vice will be expunged and good be sought by every lover of his race, with such avidity, that every son and daughter in creation will bow the knee of reverence and holy gratitude, that life, eternal life is granted to such as seek it in spirit and in truth.

And now, my brother, I close. Let me say, Mormonism must fall, for three especial reasons. First, nature denies the right man has to practice Polygamy. Secondly, the condition of society calls loudly for its condemnation, as promoting discord and strife where harmony should predominate. Thirdly, the amount of sin and iniquity engendered by this practice, a redundancy of population, brings with it suffering and privation, even when produced by natural causes; but when nature becomes outraged, by sad perversion of her laws, the aggregate of evil must be much increased, remembering that perversion breeds confusion. And is this not exemplified among the Mormon families? A mass so heterogeneous as such extended families must be, cannot be harmonious amongst themselves. Hence confusion and inharmony prevails, destroying all of social happiness, and showing Polygamy to be a mere sensual bond, so brittle that but little power is needed to break the same. *Amen!*

Not Failure, but Success.

The practical, or rather impracticable, business world shouts against every man and woman who steps out of the ruts of fashion to work at some "fancied" (?) beauty or improvement. Such "are crazy"—of course, "crazy!" They are "fanatics," "castle-builders," "reasonless innovators"—of course they are!

Many a poor man, living in a garret or unpopular, unknown, unsought, unnoticed save in cold jeering, has a project, an invention, a new idea, a scientific discovery, a radical thought at which he is toiling to "give it a habitation and a name" for human improvement. From sheer poverty, or beggared reputation, he fails and dies, and is "buried with the paupers," and the jostling crowd, chasing shadows, pronounces the eulogy, "Fool! fool! let him rot." But all this time he has been molding his soul into his beautiful ideal; his inspired soul is the form of his great truth. Has he failed? In the spirit world, so rich now, he will finish his work. So every sweet, loving, holy ideal is registered on mind, and sometime it is to be actualized, and the blest world is to revere whom it crucified.

There is a story told of a poor man of unbefriended association, honest and modest, faithful and pure hearted, who was one day visited by a heavenly guest, a charming angel, clothed in the glories of exalted mind. He could find no language to picture such beauty to delight the world; and yet he felt a rising purpose thus to invite his fellows into the heaven he had entered by enraptured sight. With overwhelming inspiration he attempted to carve out an image of that angel, from the pure marble. He never lost the heavenly expression, for that angel came again and again, in divine posture, for him to copy. Long years he toiled, with diligent hand and delicate touches, and yet it was not finished, for a lifetime could not thus delineate such beauty. One morning his neighbors found the poor man dead beside his statue—his spirit had fled, his body was cold as his marble. Everybody said, "What a fool, to spend so much time so vainly!" But the angel looked into his soul, and lo! the image was there, fully developed, and he took it away to the heavenly temple, where it belonged—a living form of spiritual beauty.

Construction from Destruction.

ALL THINGS ARE VITAL.

Our world is a great animal; every particle and element is living. Rocks are but the crystals of vital force; the roots of trees and plants of every species are animated substances; the bark, leaves, buds, flowers, are animated organs; our bodies are bundles of animals—embodiments of souls.

SPIRITUALITIES.

Nature is the body of infinite spiritualities, forming and transforming. We are of this body the product, the Lord. Nature never retrogrades. She descends only to ascend. Her winters are but preparations for flowering springs; her summers unfolding, and autumn of fruiting, are steps of spiritualization. The tree never takes back the apple to her bosom as an apple, but casts it off, independent of it. Nature develops man as her best fruit—focalizes here all her best forces, all her souls, and forms an immortal organization. Herself immortal, her children must be so. So progress underlies and overlaps all changes, all revolutions. Reading nature upward, whither she winds and climbs, what dizzy heights we scale, what golden altitudes of thought we touch, what expectancy for our ever rising minds!

THE SECT-BUILDING OF NATURE.

Nature sectarizes herself to develop an unsectarian glory. The musical waves of a million lakes, and rivers and oceans; the rollicking winds, the surging forests; the undulating grasses, kissed with shadow and sunlight—are her mangers which foster her children—her cradles she rocks her babies in—her baby buds and petals, and precious fruits coming. What a dear mother she is! Nothing is discarded. She loves with undying tenderness the crawling worm and snake—just as tenderly as the singing bird or any angel-man that crowns her brow.

"The flowers are a tiny sect of Quakers." Each is jealous of its own growth. See how the tree shoots out its roots into the water, to sip all it can get; shoots down into the earth with a loving bravery, to gain nutrition; and it rises high circle, up-rising, with palms spread out, as lungs, to breathe all the air and sunlight they can. Harm it not, nor be impatient. Nature is wise, understanding what she needs. All this rooting, sprouting, branching, leaving, blossoming, fruiting, is mediumistic work. We pluck and eat what nature has so long toiled to develop, and thus she rises higher.

BATTLES OF NATURE.

Cruel winds, ugly frosts, snow-sheets to robe all things, relentless ice, thaw and mud, rain and sleet, cloud and tempest, thunder and lightning, and confusion generally, are the mediumistic processes of development to use and beauty. The devouring maw of nature, feasting even on her seemingly dead children, clothes her at length with a divine spirituality. So destruction is incipient to construction. Death is rising—death is birth. So must we be blasted, be beaten, be lashed, grow old, shrivel up like the husk on the corn, to ripen our spirits prepared for our life. Why do we despair when nature gives us lessons of eternal hope, and pushes forward, forward, forward—saying with commanding voice, "Go higher!" Why despair, when the angels, who have passed through what we experience now, are forever inviting—"Come up hither!"

Pope Pius.

"CARRYING THE WAR INTO AFRICA."

There are probably not fewer than one hundred colored men now in Rome preparing for the Roman priesthood. The majority of them will become teachers of the freedmen of the South.—*Ex.*

The above brief extract from an exchange, though mainly serving the purpose of an item of news from the daily press, is most significant and full of meaning to the thoughtful observer of current events; and if it be true that religious "straws show which way the wind blows," the dullest of comprehension can easily see that if there is not soon a fine Catholic breeze fanning the "freedmen of the South," it will not be the fault of the Roman Catholic Church. How come these "one hundred colored men in Rome"? And why are they preparing for the Catholic priesthood? No doubt but money from the Catholic Church, under direction of her zealous priests, pays the expense of transportation and education of these easily deluded, ignorant "one hundred men" of color, that they may be

instrumental in promulgating and fastening upon the poor, unsuspecting "freedmen of the South," the accursed religious bondage of the Catholic Church. These priests well know that their power can only be exercised with the ignorant and superstitious. It is only recently that the "fragrance of Cuffee" could be welcomed as "a sweet-smelling savor" before the altar of the most High. And thus Catholicism is using every means within its reach, to spread and increase its power, even by proselyting, *en masse*, the large, ignorant, colored element of the South.

Not a whit behind them, in earnest endeavor to bring the "dear colored brethren" into "our Church" are the different Protestant sects, as they industriously ply "Sambo" with the various influences of the "revival machine," beseeching him in his ignorance to "stand up for Jesus."

But what the object of these strenuous exertions by Catholics and Protestants? Do they really care any more for the negro than the infidel or sinner? Have they any more humane feelings towards that poor, despised race? No; far from it. Protestants seek their influence solely for support of the Church; Catholics, to swell the number who will bow in mere submission to the Pope—one object just as laudable as the other, and both equally despised by all thinking minds capable of, and daring to resist the tyranny of religious superstition and bigotry

[Special Correspondence by CEPHAS B. LYNN.]

Something.

The new theology is fast outlining itself upon the Spiritual horizon. To us it seems to affirm the following:

Religion is not that which comes from God to man—it is that which goes from man to God.

Beliefs in God and immortality are not essential to morality—they are only incentives thereto.

God, immortality and spirit communion, are to be incidental, rather than fundamental ideas in religion.

Oswego, N. Y.

The Spiritualists of this city hold meetings in Lyceum Hall, Grant Block. Miss Susie M. Johnson has just concluded a month's labor there. Mr. John Austin is President of the Society. Bros. Pool, Davis, Richards, Fayette Pierce and Peck, are prominent among the workers for the spread of progressive religious thought. For years lectures have been maintained, and the best minds have been called to elaborate the spiritual idea of man, and his destiny.

A Children's Progressive Lyceum has been in operation for three years.

The attendance is good. Bro. Pool has been Conductor from the beginning. His earnestness and originality have contributed largely toward the success of the school. At the recent election of officers Mr. J. R. Pierce was chosen Conductor and Mrs. Charlotte Richards re-elected as Guardian. We are glad that Bro. Pool is to have a rest. He has long desired it, but the friends did not feel like allowing him to confine his labor to a single group. Mr. Pierce, the newly elected officer, is a man of marked ability, and will, beyond question, perform his duties well.

The SPIRITUALIST is being introduced among the friends, and other indications of progress are manifest.

Chic.

GARRETTSVILLE.

This thriving town, an hour's ride from Cleveland, on the Atlantic and Great Western Railroad, is ripe for the spiritual lecturer. The most influential residents are on the side of radicalism. Oct. 28th, in Buckeye Hall, we addressed the liberal minds of the place. The response was grand. Organization is needed to bring out the real force of this *live* element. It will soon be done. Messrs. Thompson, Wilcox and Belden are outspoken Spiritualists, and command the respect of all. Blessings upon them!

FARMINGTON.

Here the religious atmosphere is exhilarating. Spiritualism has put more life into Orthodoxy in this town, than hundreds of revivals could do. For the past year the excitement has been intense upon the relative merits and uses of these two systems. Evidences to-day show that the genius of the spiritual movement is being comprehended intelligently by the masses. The Hall, built by Spiritualists, and dedicated to order and freedom in religious matters, is always well filled. Nov. 3d, a large audience greeted us here.

The SPIRITUALIST has a large circulation hereabouts and liberal donations are given for the missionary work Bros. Curtis, Samuel French, Taft, and others, are rich in spiritual growth.

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*"RESOLVED, That we are Spiritualists, * * * and that any other prefix or suffix is calculated only to retard and injure us."*

The Hand of Toil.

Only a day-laborer! Well, who cares? The design of such is to work and—rear other day-laborers.

But he is dead and a wife and six children are left without support, to meet alone the wolves of want.

If ten children, so much the better. Then there would be ten more day-laborers to take the place of this one that is gone.

But his wife, her heart is breaking.

Heart, did you say heart? As though a day-laborer's wife had a heart! She can marry again and not only rear these six, but six more day-laborers.

The children—

Pshaw! the children will grow up—never fear. Who ever heard of these ragged children dying? They are tough, tough; can stand anything. It is necessary, for they require to be so, to be what they must be when they become hands.

If hearts are not found with the laborer, they are not in the world, for capitalists have vultures instead; vultures which feed on the sweat and blood of the worker.

We will take a final gaze at this laborer. It is one step from the dusty road. A steep-roofed hovel, made of knotty pine boards; not knotty for ornament, but because cheap. Bend low, or you will rap your head against the beams. In one corner is what you can call a bed. In another corner is a smaller attempt. On the floor is a bundle of old quilts, we will call a third. In the fourth corner is a wreck of iron used as a stove. In the middle of the room is a pine table, on which are some cracked yellow plates, and a handleless yellow pitcher, some crumbs of brown bread, and near which stands two old chairs and some rude stools. The children have been taking their dinner.

What does it mean? For forty years this man and his wife have worked hard and long, early and late; have been compulsorily frugal in food, and worn the coarsest clothing; have been unable to school their children, and yet are in want. What does it mean? Means a damning wrong lying at the base of our political structure.

Near the four-lighted window is a stained pine coffin. Why this waste? Why throw away the stain? Is not white pine good enough for the laborer who occupies it?

The wife sits at its head, holding a crowing infant; two girls stand on one side of her, and three smaller boys on the other. The lid is turned back, showing a face rough with exposure to heat and cold, rain and sunshine. Deep furrows are plowed here and there, by excessive toil and ever-present anxiety. The hair is crisp, the beard coarse, but nevertheless reveals the presence of a careful, loving hand. A lock is adjusted over the pale forehead, just as he wore it when a young man, before exacting toil had blunted his self-respect. On his breast his hands are crossed. Those hands—!

Capital says so many hands wanted for a job. Not men but hands, and here are the hands. They were once soft and delicate, white and velvety, and were kissed by a mother's fond lips when she had time for loving. They were early sold to capital. The man was not a slave, but his hands were, and oh, how badly their master has used them.

They have been washed with the greatest care, but the stains have sunk to the very bone; entered the crevices of the horny palms, and secreted in the seams

of the thick callouses. One little finger has been broken, and to save a surgeon's pay, which would have been so many loaves taken from the children, it was allowed to heal as best it could, and remained crooked.

The other little finger has been cut off by a chisel. One of the thumbs has been bruised, and the nail has grown unshapen. There is a white seam through the palm of one hand, where a circular saw tore its cruel way. Some accident has cut off the middle finger, and on the wrist of the left hand is another scar, where battling for his country he received a minnie-ball.

Ah, did he go to the war?

Yes! he went to the war. A million like him went to the war, and by their strength saved the country they loved better than life.

Capital went and coined their blood into money, returning to waste. They, the poorer and unhonored, returned to toil.

These battered hands have done their work to the hard end. They speak of days of inexorable labor; of nights of swollen joints racked with pain; of nerves burning with fever, and muscles broken with the overstrain; of unremitting, heroic struggling with fate. They never knew rest in this life. They are folded at last, and no call of capital for "hands" can compel them to activity.

And the Spirit?

We fervently pray has ascended to a realm where capital enters not. Where "bonds" do not make men, and greenbacks are not in circulation. Where rent is unknown. Where there is no harsh overseer. Where the man is something and money nothing. There may he enjoy rest. †

Secrets of Social Alienation.

The serious question is mooted everywhere—"Why this unusual disturbance in social life? Older persons of conservative tendencies are alarmed; they see only moral ruin ahead. They seem to forget that they have lived in another dispensation, under laws and customs better adapted to their special needs than to those just rising into power.

Our social difficulties are the portent of the new system of social life. Here is a law in moral ratios. The magnetic spheres in which we live and move are generated by, and balanced to the plane of our affection. Is not the fragrance of the flower of the nature of the flower? Is not the sunlight of the nature of the sun? Our spheres are ourselves extended. As our love is, so is our sphere.

If the central love of two persons, legally married, are on diverse planes, the one spiritual and the other sensual, they instinctively repel. Either the spiritual must descend to the sensual, and there be buried, or else the sensual must ascend to the spiritual regenerated, ere there can be harmony between the two. Just here lies the secret of our social troubles. The spiritual influx from the angel world has blossomed out some souls as flowers in summer; the organically spiritual have responded and passed to a higher plane of life. These love more, love deeper, love purer, as angels do, and hence require more to supply the soul. Having thus eaten, so to speak, of the tree of life in Eden, to descend to a merely animal life, to live for self, to gratify the "lusts of the flesh," is the starvation and damnation of hell. Either the sensual mate must be regenerated and spiritualized, or dissolution of soul-copartnership must ensue. "What concord hath Christ with Belial?" The animal plane, when unguided by celestial wisdom, preys upon its victim—is pleased most when the sweet and beautiful of heaven becomes the servant of its lust. To descend here, after the soul "has passed from this death unto life," is an unpardonable sin. The voice of the angel is, "Come up hither!"

The conviction, charging with great light, forces itself home to our moral consciousness, that a large percentage of social alienation and divorce, with their concomitant miseries, can be prevented should the parties concerned first acquaint themselves with the laws of spiritual life. If they once blended in soul, even in the animal plane, it can be repeated. That love, if

wisely nurtured, can augment, and the soul that feasts here can find rest. All our affections are functionally dual—external and internal. Amativeness, so called, under the leadership of moral reason, becomes a fountain of angelic love.

Are we not correct, then, when we say, that the antidote for our social difficulties and the inauguration of a true system of marriage, lies just here—in the spiritualizing of our affections? When soul responds to soul, the peace of heaven descends. When we meet in circles of love on the highest plane of our moral experience, our home becomes a daily transfiguration.

There are a thousand causes of our social troubles collaterally operating with the one we have traced, as the opposite extreme that meets an extreme. Generally our intellectual and influential people, absorbed in wealth-getting, are spiritually starved and dead. Our tyrannical fashions and ambitions for social distinction, prey as wild beasts on our bleeding and dying affections of soul. Our luxuries, and other dissipations, influence passion to ungovernable excesses. Can they who are enslaved to these falsities, gluttonies and debaucheries have loving unions and happy homes?

The experiments of divorce, increasing every day, do no doubt, in many cases, free from servile bonds; but it is apparent that the "Augean stables" are not thus cleansed. Change of relation does not always prove regeneration; and sure we are that the license of promiscuity is hell itself let loose. Without a radical reform and construction, without an integral morality and enlightened spirituality, as the alpha and omega of our gospel, society, mad and rioting in its oppression, speedily engulps itself in a cesspool of secret and brazen vice.

The angel world, brothers and sisters, entrusting to us a fire of cleansing, stands aghast, shocked to dismay, if our inspirations are used to intensify our lusts of greed and sensuality. If we will not profit by its warning precepts, to make passion the servant of spiritual growth and beauty of character, then must we learn wisdom by the terrible suffering through which we are already passing. Learn this, that "liberty is not license," but strict obedience to the laws of life under the sway of moral enlightenment. A passionnal agitation at reform may blacken more souls than it refines.

So far as possible, then, make present marriages purer and happier by every art of education, by every endearing appeal, by every principle of honor—allowing divorce as the last moral alternative; and induct the youth into the spiritual courts of a wisely-directed love, that mates as do the birds, and dews, and flowers, and angels, obedient to an inward law of purity. *

The Cardiff Giant.

No event of recent times shows in stronger light the infallibility of scientific men, and the blessing they are to the world, than the discovery of the Cardiff Giant. After this exhibit, no Spiritualist but will regret that such master minds do not turn their attention to Spiritualism, as a theme worthy of their exalted abilities.

It seemed a crazy French Canadian hewed out of a block of limestone an image which he designed for St. Paul. He died and his image was stolen and buried by cunning men, who at the proper time exhumed it, and called it a fossil giant. Hereupon the world all went to see the wonder, and among the rest Prof. Hall, New York State Geologist, with a party of savans. All visitors were expelled from the tent when Prof. Hall and party made the examination. For several minutes not a word was spoken, when the Professor broke the silence by remarking: "This is most certainly the greatest curiosity ever exhumed on the American Continent; be it a petrified human body, or sculpture, it excels all works of art, or nature ever beheld."

He carried away portions of the body and soil on which it rests, and also took the surroundings of the country. His report will soon appear. It will undoubtedly be interesting, and in it "the surroundings of the country" will figure largely. Since the immortal Pickwick, never was there such an exhibition. Such are the men who scoff at Spiritualism,

yet are ready to swallow a Cardiff Giant, ten feet high, and open their mouths wide for more. When will they come to the rescue of the deluded masses, and prove to them the fallacy of Spiritualism? †

Meeting of the Executive Board

OF THE OHIO STATE ASSOCIATION OF SPIRITUALISTS,
AT THE OFFICE OF THE AMERICAN SPIRITUALIST, ON
WEDNESDAY, NOV. 3D, 1869.

Present—Hudson and Emma Tuttle, D. U. Pratt, George Rose, N. E. Crittenden, Oliver Stevens.

Meeting called to order by the President.

The following plan for Missionary work was submitted, and after considerable discussion was unanimously adopted:

As it is essential for the prosperity of societies that regular speaking be maintained, and in the opinion of the Board, it is of equal vital consequence to the prosperity of the cause, as the establishment of new organizations, the following plan is proposed, whereby unity and concert of action may be established between all societies of the State: That regular circuits be established, four societies making a circuit, each circuit having a speaker; thus giving each one Sunday in the month.

Whenever a speaker shall secure the concurrence of four societies, to enter this plan, agreeing to pay ten dollars for his services once a month, the Board promises to add to such speaker's pay five dollars per Sunday, to be paid from the General Missionary Fund. Such speakers to defray their own expenses, and receive the proceeds of their week day engagements. But the adoption of such speaker as Missionary Agent shall in all cases be decided by a majority of the Board.

The General Missionary Fund is created by annual subscriptions. All who are interested in seeing order evolved out of chaos, in Spiritualism, in the shape of systematic effort, are earnestly requested to subscribe such amount as they feel inclined, to be paid quarterly to a Finance Committee. This part of the plan to remain unchanged from that hitherto adopted.

In this connection we suggest that the President and Treasurer of local societies constitute their Finance Committee, and where no organized society exists, those subscribing should appoint two or more of their number to act in this capacity.

Quarterly payments are due as follows:

First Quarter,	Oct. 1.
Second Quarter,	Jan. 1.
Third Quarter,	April 1.
Fourth Quarter,	July 1.

All subscriptions must be sent to D. U. PRATT, Treasurer, Cleveland.

On motion of D. U. Pratt, A. A. WHEELOCK was elected General Missionary Agent.

GEO. W. WILSON, Rec. Sec.
C. B. LYNN, Sec. pro tem.

Games and Novelties.

We are in receipt of a Catalogue of Games and Novelties, furnished by ADAMS & CO., 25 Bromfield street, Boston. They furnish every variety of parlor, field and lawn games, puzzles, problems, parlor fireworks, etc. Their parlor fireworks are perfectly unique, and afford an interesting and instructive evening's entertainment.

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BY EPES SARGENT. BOSTON: ROBERTS BROTHERS.

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The man who can read "The Woman who Dared" and arise with a sneer on his lips; who is not made more hopeful and truthful; more respectful toward himself; more appreciative of womanhood; is an unripe specimen, as well fitted to understand the true relation of the sexes as to float like a bird in the atmosphere; one who would appreciate woman, as the hog comprehends the Epicurian philosophy.

Epes Sargent is not to be made famous by our compliment, nor would he suffer, perhaps, by our denunciation. Our expressions are from earnest conviction; we are charmed with the book he has given us this time. Its happy audacity inspires us with respect, while the perfect simplicity of its method and language excites our cheerful admiration.

We have heard of "word painting" before now, and have often been called on to admire displays of verbal pyrotechnics, wherein outlandish phraseology and sentimental affectation, were exhibited as the product of genuine inspiration. Such developments are the prostitution of art, and bear the same relation to true poetry that the "made woman" of the sensational theatrical sustains to the classical forms of the Grecian drama.

In expression this poem has the simple purity and severity of sculpture itself; yet an unperverted or cultivated taste is none the less pleased. The beauty is the grace of nature, not the glamour of stage effect, the influence of meretricious coloring. We are refreshed by a poet who has such confidence in his own powers, and the merit of his theme, that he can afford to leave stale tricks of literary mountebanks to those who must depend on them; and treat us to language as chaste as the women whose character and fortunes he celebrates.

Struck off at the University press, Cambridge, Mass., on thick, tinted paper, and neatly bound, we are at loss whether author, printers or publishers, have best done their share of the work of book making. That many more such books may soon enrich Spiritualistic literature, every progressive mind must desire.

Whatever may be thought of the ideas of Mr. Sargent and his co-workers, he has done much to secure for their views respectful consideration. The whole composition is a vigorous protest against the wrongs of society, the disabilities of woman. The pen of the author is at once a scalpel and a sword. He lays bare with steady hand the deep seated evils of life, and pierces relentlessly to the heart the giant shams that are the tyrants of the weak and poor. Such a writer, such a book, cannot fail to have their influence; and though some may be shocked and some confounded by the propositions advanced, we little fear the effect will be other than to hasten the advent of that "good time" so long coming.

The book is suitable for a holiday gift, and is for sale at the office of the American Spiritualist, 47 Prospect st., Cleveland, O. Price \$1.50; postage 16 cents.

THE SOUL OF THINGS;

Or, PSYCHOMETRIC RESEARCHES AND DISCOVERIES. By William and Elizabeth M. F. Denton. Boston: Walker, Wise & Co.

The appropriate motto of this book is a quotation from Wordsworth—"Enter into the soul of things."

No more wonderful phase of spiritual development can be imagined than the unfolding denominated Psychometry. We do not refer to it at this time with the idea of introducing this famous book to any considerable portion of the intelligent Spiritualist public. Still, we have a few remarks to make concerning it; and if they happen to be of a favorable nature, it is because we have been pleased and instructed by a perusal of the publication.

With Professor William Denton—the eloquent, radical and popular, scientific lecturer—the general public have a most satisfactory acquaintance. The lady associated with him in this investigation was gifted with extremely rare endowments as a Psychometrist. This power was carefully tested by Mr. Denton on various specimens of different minerals, vegetables, fossils, petrifications, bones, etc. These observations were made with scientific care, and recorded with philosophic deliberation and accuracy. The whole collection of facts, so interesting and wonderful, goes to substantiate the theory of the authors, that all life is constantly photographing itself on the material substances by which it is surrounded, and to elucidate the law by which these pictures are developed before the mind. This book is one of the contributions Spiritualism has made to progressive science, and a scientific argument for Spiritualism. Though as concise as a text book, we read "The Soul of Things" with the fascination of a work of fiction. Indeed, it is truth itself, stranger than fiction, written in the vivid style which is a part of Mr. Denton's remarkable power. The reader pursues the course of experiment with an excited interest no mere work of art could so well maintain. We follow the vision of the Psychometrist from pole to pole, from continent to continent. She reads us the history of the tribolite and meteor, from their shattered fragments; and looks down through the geologic strata by the same faculty with which she glances backward in retrospection of the ages. The spaces and all time are brought before us, and the shifting panorama of the vision is a historical picture gallery and museum of the world. Mr. Denton has placed us under obligations, as Spiritualists, by thus introducing his facts in scientific order. The same mode of treatment is required in connection with every phase of mediumistic development. Let those who wish to investigate Psychology, who would acquire a knowledge of the powers and faculties of the immortal spirit, peruse carefully this book. All may not adopt the theories of the author, but enlarged study may enhance the area and use of present knowledge; and ultimately, as the subject is understood, some one may be able to carry out the wishes of the authors, who, in the preface of the work, write, "we trust that it will have the effect of inducing men of intellect and means to investigate and teach, though they should pull down all the theoretical scaffolding that we have erected."

For sale at the office of the American Spiritualist, 47 Prospect street, Cleveland, O. Price, \$1.50; postage 20 cents.

OUR PLANET:

Its past and Future; or Lectures on Geology; by WILLIAM DENTON, Boston, Mass.

We are too late in this notice of a good and useful book, to add to the force of that which has heretofore been written in its favor. The new dispensation of common sense has no more earnest devotee than William Denton. Whether speaking or writing, his straight-forward, unqualified statement of truth is as refreshing as it is rare. In his hands a spade is a spade, and the instrumentalities of Science become weapons endangering the existence of shams of every age and condition.

We shall not attempt any setting forth of the scientific order of the work; its pages plainly explain themselves, and are so

written that the interest of romance is developed in connection with a purely scientific study. *To popularize Science is to destroy Superstition.* Every honest Scientist is a Radical, and no department of knowledge is so dangerous to those who would live and die in love with the old myths as Geology. Mr. Denton has traveled much—met nature and the public alike, and knows equally well how to reach the secrets of one and the minds of the other.

Says Prof. White, of Rochester, "Mr. Denton has certainly succeeded better than any American author I know, in making a really interesting, readable book on general Geology." We should have said the same thing ourselves, but not being a Professor of Geology, we could hardly be considered authority; but that the book is as interesting as a novel, as plain as a primer and as instructive as a text-book, we are ready to affirm. We know no better book to put into the hands of any man, woman, or child, as a means at once of interest or instruction.

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C. B. Lynn will answer calls to lecture. Permanent address 47 Prospect street, Cleveland, Ohio.

DR. J. W. STEWART, of Cleveland, will be at the Irving House, Chagrin Falls, O., Nov. 1st, 2d and 3d; and at the Chardon House, Chardon, O., Nov. 4th, 5th and 6th; at the Reid House, Nunda, N. Y., Nov. 9th to 17th; in Hornellsville, N. Y., from Nov. 18th to the 30th. Those who are unable to pay, are cured without money and without price.

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Meetings.

A. A. Wheelock will speak at Painesville and attend Lyceum, Nov. 21, and at Kirtland, Nov. 28. Speaking at Kirtland 10 $\frac{1}{2}$ A. M., and 2 p. m. Lyceum will meet immediately after speaking in forenoon. Let the friends in each place come out, as it is expected and desired to make arrangements for regular speaking.

O. L. Sutliff will speak at Ashley, Nov. 20th and 21st; at Delaware, Nov. 25th, 26th, 27th and 28th; at Columbus, Dec. 3d, 4th and 5th; Mifflin Township (at Park's School-house), Dec. 10th, 11th and 12th.

O. P. Kellogg will speak in Townville, Pa., Nov. 28th.

C. B. Lynn will speak at Alliance Sunday, Nov. 21; and in Farmington Nov. 28th.

Departed.

George Dresden, aged 56 years, after three years of sickness and suffering, left his worn out "clay casket," Sunday morning between three and four o'clock, departing for the "Summer Land of Souls." He had lived some years at 104 Clinton street, Cleveland, where, on Tuesday, at 2 o'clock, his funeral took place.

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Whence comes our joys and tears?
Then would he spend his time in living
For himself and self alone?
Would he care to reap the harvest,
From such seed as he has sown?

Could he see his deeds of evil
Germinate and live again,
Coiling like a hideous serpent
Round the precious souls of men;
Would he lay himself at nightfall
In his soft white downy bed
Heeding not the cries of anguish
From the hearts that he has bled?

Could his sight but cross the river
Leading to the Summer Land;
Could he see the thorns and flowers
Planted by his earthly hand,
See them festooned by the angels
In a wreath for him to wear;
Would he plant the thorns, as ever
For the gem that crowns him there?

Oh, these little deeds of darkness,
Though they now may be concealed;
How our souls will bow in anguish
When they all become revealed;
When our spirit flitters outward
From this prison-house of clay,
It will take the good and evil
We are planting here to-day.

Let us then in all our dealing
Bear in mind that every seed
Sown to-day without reflection
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On our soul for weal or woe;
Strew our path with thorns or flowers,
In the land where we shall go.

Orthodoxy on the Brain.

On Sunday afternoon, a Policeman Decelle was passing through the streets, he saw a man fighting a wooden Indian which stands in front of a cigar store on Madison street, near Halsted. From the actions of the man he inferred that he was either drunk or insane; for, after he struck the figure, he sprang back, placed his arms up as if to protect his head from an anticipated blow, and finding he was not hit in return, rushed forward again, caught the poor Indian by his waist, pulled him over, and commenced rolling him on the sidewalk and kicking him. Decelle made him desist and took him to the station. There he gave the name of George Carrigan, and said he was a tinsmith, and lived at No. 43 West Washington street. His countenance was familiar to the station keeper, and on referring to the record it was discovered that he had been locked up on Saturday for breaking things at his boarding house, but released upon payment of the fine imposed. He was placed in a cell, and during the night took off all his clothing and howled like a panther. He became so violent that handcuffs were placed upon him. Monday morning he asked for some water, and a cup full was given him. He held the cup above his head, and after saying, "I baptize thee in the name of the Father, the Son and the Holy Ghost," poured the water upon his head. About noon he was asked if he wanted anything to eat, and replied, "Yes, I want some sweet, white, brown, blue, sweet-heart rooster egg." Some soup was given him, but before eating it he said a very long prayer. When searched, two Bibles were found in his pockets. His insanity may be the result of religious excitement. During the afternoon he occupied himself by taking off, washing, and putting on again his clothes. Although his hands were closed together by the handcuffs, he took off his coat with ease, only tearing the sleeves a little.—*New York paper.*

The only wonder is that thousands more than now suffer, do not become deranged when subjected to the operation of such influences as are brought to bear upon them by the regular revival machinery. The popular theology, if believed, is enough to madden any human mind. Spiritualism conducts to sanity and harmony.

Henry M. Tufts has been arrested at Amherst, Mass., for bigamy. He confessed his guilt at a prayer meeting, but says the last was only a mock marriage.

The Law of Storms.

[The following statement of facts is from the pen of W. A. DUCHLER, of Boston, Mass. It embodies the law of storms, and is one of the articles the fault of which is brevity. The late terrible tempests and floods give interest to the matter.]

The air holds water in solution or vapor until it is supplied to "dew point," when it precipitates to the earth. That point varies at different degrees of heat. At 30° Fahrenheit two grains per cubic foot becomes dew point; while at 70° it is eight grains; at 80°, eleven grains. The clear, healthy atmosphere contains from forty-five to sixty per cent. of dew point. Suppose a body of air at 80°, with sixty per cent. moisture, is permeated by a cold strata at 40° (dew point 5 grains), there are two grains of water to each cubic foot of air that will be deposited in the form of rain. Thunder storms are caused in this way, and when very cold hail will fall.

All our storms of rain or snow come from the southwest. The cloud appears and the clear sky is seen, first in the south-western horizon. No matter from what point of compass the wind blows on the surface—though usually from the north-east—the storm cloud moves toward the north-east. Since the telegraph wires have spanned our continent, the approach of a storm is noted in its travels from the plains of the West to Nova Scotia on the East. From St. Louis to Cincinnati is about one day; to Baltimore and Philadelphia, another day; about twelve hours more to Boston, and so on.

This regularity suggests that the region of the atmosphere on which the storm cloud rides, is a regular current moving in a north-easterly direction, undisturbed by the changeable currents nearer the earth. Coming, then, as it does from the tropical regions, it is charged with vapor from six to ten grains per cubic foot, and becoming cooler as it nears the pole deposits the surplus, as the standard of dew point lessens, along its whole pathway.

The trade winds, so called, of the tropical regions are a part of this regular action of the atmosphere. In the northern tropical zone the north-east, and in the southern the south east winds prevail. These are opposite to the storm cloud strata. These trade winds, blowing toward the equator, become warmer, take up the moisture, and, rising to the upper strata, commence their return to the colder regions of the north and south pole. To illustrate: have two rooms adjoining, one with a fire in it, the other not; open the door between them; the lower strata of air is cold, rushing in, the upper strata warm, is passing out. The direct action would be due north and south, but for the revolution of the earth, which increases its motion as it nears the equator, causing the north and south winds to fall behind and producing a lateral motion, or north-east and south-east winds.

We have tried to explain the philosophy of storms by the regular revolution of the air from the poles to the equator and back again to the poles, cooling and diffusing moisture, or warming and absorbing it. Telegraph operators have observed this course of storms. Ship owners and shipmasters, before sailing, consult the telegraphic weather reports from the south-west, instead of the barometer, and govern their departure from port accordingly.

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All "Spiritualist Books" are not Spiritual, but this volume is full of beautiful lessons of refined Spiritualism. The outlook of the authoress is from the heights of philosophy far into the upper realm of a Natural Religion; Invocations breathing a sensible, sincere devotion; short poems which are sacred hymns. By reason of their beauty, tenderness and truth; brief lessons, Tales and Allegories, full of Wisdom and Love, interspersed with philosophic apothegms—"jewels which on the stretched forefinger of all time sparkle forever"—these are the varied contents. The book is a religious inspiration to the better nature, equally to be recommended for its high-toned Spiritualism, its manifest good taste, and refined literary execution. Handsomely bound, it should find a place in the family, the hand, and heart of every Spiritualist. It is alike interesting and beneficial to all.

For sale at this office, 47 Prospect st., Cleveland

The *Deseret News* is publishing some "reminiscences of Salt Lake theatre," and says, that "perhaps it was the first theatre upon this continent that was ever dedicated by prayer."

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BY LIZZIE DOTEN: WHITE & CO., BOSTON, MASS.

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The range of her genius is as wide as the scope of her sympathies, and she can say in truth, "Nothing which concerns humanity is foreign to me."

To such a character came the full influx of the modern wave of Spiritualism. The power of its inspiration specialized in the influence of the spirit of Edgar Allan Poe, or Robert Burns. "Poems" were then a necessity, and that they were "from the Inner Life" none need to read who heard them delivered.

The volume of which we write does not contain all the poetry of the author. Her pen has done service in more than one field of labor; now weeping as a sister beside the dungeon and the felon, tears an angel might envy, grieving in sympathy over every form of wrong, her muse wears the cypress drenched in tears, rather than bay leaves steeped in wine.

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A wise clergyman, now deceased, once said, "he had learned to preach not only so that people could understand him if they had a mind to, but also so that they could not misunderstand him if they wanted to."